

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Bass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast War is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1875.

Journal of the Fire Escape Expedition.

(BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

DEAR GRIP,

This is the jolliest game we ever went off on. Fancy DUNN and me and the Fire, Water and Gas Committee and the rest of us off on our journey to Port Huron. We started by the morning train. DUNN bossed the concern and explained to the urbane conductor that we were dead-heads. He looked contemptuously at the tickets and passed on. DUNN addressed us in a solemn speech. He commenced "Gentlemen, you are all aware of the important mission that leads us from our homes this day at great personal inconvenience." Here he was interrupted by Alderman CROCKER who remarked that he guessed it was all right and had voted for it, but he would like to know what they were going to see anyhow. Several other gentlemen expressing a similar curiosity the chairman undertook to explain matters. "You see," he resumed, "if a house catches fire at the bottom and you are up top, you can't get out without a ladder, unless you jump out of the window or go up the chimney. Now this fire escape is a sort of a ladder." "Is that all?" from Alderman TINNING. "I've got lots of old ladders the city could have cheap and we needn't go all the way to Port Huron to see them." Here somebody complained of the intense warmth and a sort of Fire Extinguisher made of green glass, with a cork in it, was produced. The cork was extracted and the instrument applied to the lips of the sufferers from internal conflagration. Its action was approved and it was at once determined to lay in a supply of these instruments for the use of the Committee. The train arrived at Stratford, where the magnates of the town were assembled to meet us. The MAYOR and Alderman DUNN tossed who should treat the crowd. DUNN lost, and a move was made to the refreshment room at the station. After all hands had refreshed, it was unanimously voted hash-time. And a high old hash-time we had of it. Didn't go on till the next train. The Stratford and Toronto dignitaries embraced, swore eternal friendship, took another drink, and parted weepingly. We slept most of the way to Sarnia. On arriving at Port Huron, we couldnt find anybody who knew anything about the fire escape. A little boy said it was out in the bush, berry-picking. Nobody could find the inventor's address. CLOSE suggested raising an alarm of "Fire," and the impetuous CROCKER wanted to set a house on fire to see if it would fetch the thing along. However a policeman ultimately took us to the right place and we stood in the presence of the INVENTOR. Says he, with a puzzled look, "What do you want, anyhow?" He was informed that this was a deputation from Toronto, come to see his fire escape work. "Wal, that's a pity you took so much trouble, I could have sent you one by rail on approval, and would have charged nothing for carriage if you bought it." (Sh-sh-sh from several Aldermen.) The deputation then proceeded to view the escape. It apparently consisted of a couple of wheels, some pulleys, and a ladder with a lot of joints in it. At a later period of the day one gentleman said he saw a hole in the ladder, but this was denied by the rest of the party, who could not perceive anything of the kind. Alderman CROCKER, being of an inquisitive turn, asked "How does the old thing work, anyway?" And here the INVENTOR entered into one of the most luminous disquisitions we have ever heard. It was taken down on the spot by a short hand writer, for a local paper from whose columns I give it. "You see them two wheels. They revolve on an axle, by which means the machine can be taken out of the way when it is not wanted. By the application of the first mechanical power to the periphery of the radius the revolutions generated at the fulcrum extend one end of the ladder in the same direction as the other, thus affording easy and safe access to an object situated at either. By turning the handle, marked H in the ground-plan, a rapid outward motion is given to the other end and this, by combining the forces of elasticity and gravitation, sets them joints—(Here a considerable interruption arose. An enthusiastic Alderman in his zeal for knowledge had begun to turn the handle, and did so the wrong way. The effect was that one of the balance wheels, or something of the sort, flew off and hit Alderman TINNING—fortunately on the head.)

After the effects of the accident had passed over, the INVENTOR was about to resume his address, but it was unanimously agreed that talking was dry work and the congregation adjourned to a neighboring house of entertainment. After considerable discussion, it was agreed that the proposal of the INVENTOR, to send the escape to Toronto for approval, be accepted. The question whether enough money had been spent was next considered. It was concluded that the balance of the three hundred dollars with which the expedition had started had better be reserved in

case we had to stop with that hard crowd at Stratford on the road back. The concluding part of the ceremony was a quartette by the four representatives of the Board of Works, in eulogy of the model Commissioner. I am able to give you a few stanzas of this classic ode.

A wonderful fire-escape
Invented was one day by a man,
And what did he do but invite
To see it, the Waterman-Fireman.

His person has every charm
In the Council there scarce is so high a man.
The street boys regard with alarm
The terrible Waterman-Fireman.

Bad luck to the *Globe* office chaps
So ready each day to belie a man,
Let them shut up their impudent traps
For we'll vote for the Waterman-Fireman.

We have all heard of the echo of Killarney, who rejoiced in the name of PADDY BLAKE. It appears that PADDY BLACK is the correct rendering of the name. Hence we are enabled to understand Mr. WALLER'S appeal to "Irishmen of every creed and colour."

A Toronto Nail Hit on the Head.

For years I had looked in those deep brown eyes,
Vainly trying to fathom their meaning,
But those brown, deep eyes,
Tales never would tell,
Or let me surprise
The truth kept so well,
Did she love me or no? Put off your disguise,
And flash me thy heart's secret dreaming!

Thus prayed I, whenever I took her a walk,
And whenever I gave her a present,
For when a man knows,
Which way the wind blows,
He more readily goes
On his knees to propose,
So I prayed, imploring the brown eyes to talk,
But they looked—simply—twinklingly pleasant.

This never would do, so in my despair,
When wandering a street unfrequented,
Out, out it all came,
How none could love stronger,
How pure was the flame,
How none could love longer,
These vowed I in words that curled my own hair,
And with joy, Oh! such joy, I saw she assented.

Breathless, creaking,—(I had my thin boots on)—
I waited to hear her propound it—
She shyly said Y—e—s,
Oh! moment of bliss,
I was hasting to bless,
To imprint my first kiss,
When—the head of a nail, my thin boot did impale,
And instead, I roared out :—Ugh! confound it!

"Heartless, vain, wretch," were the words I just heard,
As she ran from me, leaving me blurling,
Imagine my plight,
Me, a clerk in a bank,
On that terrible night,
Held fast in the plank,
With my one love, my angel, my flown away bird
Believing that I had been flirting.

I wrenched my boot off,—(from my foot, not the nail,)
Then wandered in madness, my wits all prostration,
But like a singed fly,
Came back to the place,
To see a boy try,
Till red in the face,
To pick up that boot. The police got a rail
To lever it off—with poor me to the station.

Next morning with horror I heard the false charge,
That "the case" had imbibed too much ale,
In vain did I plead,
And my innocence pressed,
"Very shocking indeed
For one so well dressed"
"Convicted of being very drunk and at large,"
"And of trying to damage a sticking up nail."